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LOWEST RATES.**

A New Minnow Trap.
An ingenious inventor has come to the relief of fishermen lately, by producing a minnow trap that is hard to beat. First of all it is wholly composed of transparent, colorless glass, and is in shape much like a big cartridge, with a pointed bullet in it. It is about two and one-half feet long, and as big around as a man's leg above the knee. It is hollow, of course, and what would be the flat end of the cartridge is punched in, like the bottom of a glass bottle and there is a small round hole in the apex of the cone thus made. The other end is pointed and the end of the trap is fitted with a little sliding door. This big glass cartridge is intended to be set on its side in the bottom of a brook where minnows abound. The cautious ones soon become accustomed to it, and the reckless fellows don't see it until they bump their noses against it. Some nice bait is put inside the trap, and the minnows soon find their way into it, through the hole in the punched-in end. The little door at the other end is shut, of course.

The minnows are unable to find their way out, because they follow the sides of the trap and this leads them into the cul-de-sac at the flat end, all around the bottom of the cone. They are easily poured out, however, with the water in the trap, by holding the thing up, pointed end down, and opening the little slide door. Wire is twisted around the outside of the trap, and forms a handle by which it is conveniently carried, and the wire also protects the glass from injury.

Color of Natural Wool.
There are certain fallacies abroad concerning the proper color of natural wool, and of natural silk, too, for that matter, so that a furnisher is very often compelled to keep his "natural" wool underwear of a decided gray color, and his "natural" silk ditto of a rich salmon pink, which he, furthermore, is expected to verify as being the natural color of the undyed thread. Says the Clothier. Now, many a long hour's soak in the dye-tub de both silk and wool undergo to acquire the "natural" color demanded by the public, and the customer is now so used to the deception which his persistently false notion compels the manufacturer to perpetrate, that he would not believe the real, undyed fabric to be genuine if he saw it.

AN ENGINEER'S TALE.

Speeding His Locomotive at the Command of an Armed Maniac.

Tom Loftus, the stalwart Fort Worth engineer, dropped in at the Windsor the other day and related a thrilling experience of his life in the cab to a Denver Republican reporter. Tom ran a train in Missouri. When the James and Younger banditti were lively Tom carried a regular arsenal in his engine cab. It was a bitter cold night on the occasion in question, and the big engineer was at the throttle on the west bound limited express for Kansas City.

Suddenly Loftus heard a creaking sound back of the engine. He turned and looked into the barrel of a gleaming revolver, bobbing which stood a determined-looking man. The stranger also covered the fireman. At once visions of train robbers flashed across the engineer's mind. The stranger did not utter a syllable, but stood silently near the brake, pointing his revolver first at the engineer and then at the fireman.

"What do you want?" queried Loftus. "Open that throttle wide," was the stern response. The command was obeyed and the train dashed along with such speed that in rounding a sharp curve the supposed train robber was thrown off his feet to the floor of the cab. Loftus immediately seized and disarmed him. Then he shook him like a rat and slowed down the train.

At this juncture a slim man wearing a tin star on his breast and frightened almost to death appeared at the door of the baggage-car and shouted in a frightened tone to Loftus to not hurt the supposed Jesse James. Creeping over the tender the slim man explained that the man was a patient on his way to the insane asylum at Fulton.

They Would Be Amused.

Some women in Galicia, Austria, have sent to the Emperor Francis Joseph a petition worded as follows: "Sire: We women of Galicia, prostrate at the foot of the throne, present this our ardent request: At present whereas every man, young or old, is liable to military service, we women, often more robust and courageous than effeminate men, think we ought not to be excluded. The arms now in use are well made and easy to handle. We, therefore, pray your Majesty to institute a corps of Amazon volunteers."

THE MIND IN SLEEP.

Mental Activity During the Season of Slumber.

Instances of the Action of the Brain Forces While the Bodily Senses Were Asleep—Some Strange Sensations.

What is a dream? Simply the working of the mind while the body is asleep.

The mind does not need sleep; at least, in good health, it never takes it. Sir William Hamilton declares says the New York Sunday Journal, that the mind is never wholly inactive, and that we are never entirely unconscious of its activity. Jonifroy is quoted as denying that during bodily sleep the mind is dormant. Even if we do not remember our dreams, he says, it is no proof that we have not dreamed.

How many dreams leave only the faintest trace on the memory! It is, therefore, permitted to suppose that many dreams leave no trace at all.

Kant said that we always dream when asleep, and that to cease to dream would be to cease to live. People who talk of dreamless sleep use an expression which really is at variance with facts; the mind works on, works ever.

When any one is engaged on a prolonged enterprise, like a great book, the building of an edifice, the conduct of a military campaign, the negotiation of a valuable contract, he not only frequently dreams of his work, but the vivid dreams of it at times when the memory does not record it distinctly. This is the "unconscious cerebration" which has worn out so many brains and wrecked so many careers.

When Sir Walter Scott was writing his great series of historical novels he recorded in his diary that whenever he came to a difficult place, where his characters seemed to be in an inextricable situation, he waited patiently until the next morning, when on awakening, the solution of the whole trouble would come into his mind.

This was because the "unconscious cerebration," which in time was to use up the splendid brain, had been going on all night solving the difficulty while the author's body was allowed to take repose.

Sometimes the body is influenced by its surroundings, or by certain sensations which penetrate through the veil of sleep—so that the mind indulges in fancies, such as afflicted good Dr. Gregory.

His wise man had a bottle of hot water put on his feet on going to bed one cold night. Presently he burned his toes so severely that he dreamed he was climbing Mount Etna and that his feet, breaking through the volcanic soil, were burned in hot lava.

When he awoke and found that the water bottle was the cause of the dream, he at once regarded it as a curious instance of the effect of the sense of touch in dreams.

His case was like that of another doctor, who, having had his head blistered, fell asleep and dreamed that he was being scalped by Indians.

Another instance of the association of the sensation of touch with dreams was that of a Western pioneer who, being in camp one night wrapped in his blankets, dreamed that he was climbing the side of an iceberg, and that his face was pained by coming in contact with the ice.

Presently he awoke with a start and found that the cold nose of a wolf was touching his cheek.

A French scientist once experimented on himself by operating on his mind, through the sense of touch, while he was asleep.

He left his knees uncovered when he went to bed one cold night and dreamed that he was riding on a stage coach in a terrible tempest, during which he suffered terribly from cold knees.

Surroundings often give the primal impulse to the mind, so that when it dreams it is merely carrying out an impression partly formed by the bodily sense before the body fell asleep.

A Novel Advertisement.

Not long ago an enterprising advertiser hit upon the idea of making an electrical tricycle carry his placards through the streets. A more realistic idea is that carried out by a firm of bill-makers in a Western city. A miniature set of chimes has been designed, to be attached to an electrical tricycle, which will travel around the city. In the lower part of the frame on which the chimes are fixed is a keyboard of between two and three octaves. This is played in exactly the same way as the organ or piano keyboard, and some very beautiful combinations are rendered possible. All the thirty bells forming the set which are hung on a rack around electrically. Attached to each of them is an electro-magnet, and the keys make the circuit from a battery in the base to the electro-magnets at the bells.

The Use of Language
Language comes more easily to some than to others; but it is a desirable acquisition, and therefore it is essential that the book and the teacher in the school-house should join in inducing the student to express himself. Not that men and women must be able to talk all the while. Under this fashion of things the world would soon be talked to death. The essential thing is that the mind be made capable of examining a subject, of amplifying a theme, until it shall assume some fullness of symmetry and general beauty.

GOUGH'S TEMPTATION.

The Great Reformer's Natural Appetite for Liquor.

Stories of the Famous Man Told by One Who Was Associated with Him in the Temperance Work—His Own Story of His Whisky Bottle.

"Yes, gentlemen, I carried a pint bottle of whisky in my pocket for fifteen years and never drank a drop of it," said Milo Bosworth, a well-known citizen of the South side, who is eighty-five years old, to a Cleveland Leader reporter. "When I was a young fellow I drank pretty hard, in fact, I was drunk about all the time, but when I got married I thought it was time to call a halt. I went down to Chagrin Falls—a little business, and before I came home I stopped at Beard's grocery, as was my custom, and had my flask filled. I had made up my mind that that would be the last liquor I would drink for fifteen years, but when I got into my wagon I fell to thinking about the matter and came to the conclusion that there was no time like the present, and I just put that bottle in my hip pocket, and there I carried it for fifteen long years, and during that time I never touched a drop of liquor of any kind."

"Well, about twelve years after that, Gough, the great temperance orator, was advertised to speak in Cleveland. The posters informed us that the meeting would be held in the Presbyterian church. You young fellows probably never heard of that church. It was a large, wooden structure, and stood on the site of the Old Stone Church. Of course we attended the meeting, which occurred on the Sabbath, and I kinder took a notion to Gough and asked him to go down and dine with us. He accepted, and after dinner I took out the bottle I had carried for twelve years and asked him if he would take a drink. I just said it in fun, but great guns, you ought to have seen that man. He turned first red and then white, and finally gasped out the words:

"Put it up, I can't stand it. Put it up, I say, before I disgrace myself." I was frightened, and put the flask in my pocket in a hurry. He didn't say anything for several minutes, but sat with his head between his hands. Finally he looked up and said:

"My friend, I am truly sorry that I should display my weakness in your house, but sometimes I have an uncontrollable desire for liquor, and when I saw your flask I would have given my life for a drink. But," he continued, "I understood you to say that you had carried that bottle and not drank any thing for twelve years?"

"That is true," I said, and then I proceeded to tell him of the circumstances of my wearing off. When he had heard me through he said: "You are just the man I am looking for, and I want you to go to England with me." Of course I was taken by surprise, and asked him to explain. He said that he had long wanted a reformed drunkard to travel with him and lecture, and that a man with my will was just the chap he desired. Well, I talked the matter over with my wife, and she said that she guessed she could spare me for a year or so, and the upshot of the thing was that Gough and I formed a partnership whereby I was to receive a handsome percentage of the receipts, and we started out.

Albany was the first place where we were billed to lecture, and I tell you there was a crowd there to hear us. Gough had advertised the reformed drunkard feature for all it was worth, and I was regarded with as much curiosity as the dime museum freaks are today. From Albany we went to Boston, and finally to New York, where we bid good-bye to America and set sail for England. A stop was made in Ireland, and at Dublin the largest hall in the city wouldn't hold the people. I gave those who were on the outside tickets and had them come the next night. One way of running the lecture was to have Gough make an opening speech, after which he would introduce me as the reformed drunkard. I would step forward and as a starter would slap down my whisky bottle on the table and tell the audience how long I had carried it. After that we would call for people to come forward and sign the pledge, and there were dozens who complied every night. In England we were very successful and we remained there three years. At the end of that time I was getting a little home-sick and wanted to see my family. So I told Gough that I guessed I would quit, and we looked over the books and settled up. I had \$11,000 coming to me, and I brought every cent of it back to Cleveland and deposited it in the old bank down on Canal street."

Speaking of Gough, he said: "He was a great orator and grand nobleman, but he was not master of himself. I remember one time, when a man put some whisky in a glass of soda water he was about to drink. Just that taste was enough to set the appetite afire within him. Very few people ever know of this, but it is true nevertheless, and the fact is related in one of his biographies. When he came out of it I never saw a man feel so in all my life. He cried like a baby, and vowed that he would never speak before an audience again, and if I remember rightly he canceled his engagements for the rest of that year. He has told me many times when passing saloons, mounted on a horse, he had dug the spurs into the beast's flanks and ridden for miles at breakneck speed to get out of reach of the temptation."

THE BELLES OF ROME.

It Required an Army of Slaves to Make Their Morning Toilet.

A writer in the Jeune-Miller Magazine describes as follows the morning toilet of a Roman lady: According to testimony, which is scarcely to be disputed, the sun could never have shone upon a less lovely object than a Roman lady in the days of the Cæsars, when she opened her eyes in the morning, for before she opened her eyes a great deal had to be done. When she retired to rest her face had been covered with a plaster composed of bread and ass' milk, which had dried during the night hours, and, consequently, presented in the morning an appearance of cracked chalk. The purpose of the ass' milk was not only to preserve the delicacy of the skin, but to renovate the lungs, and so strong was that belief in the efficacy of the specific that some energetic ladies bathed themselves in it seventy times in the course of a single day. Ino, says Poppo, the favorite wife of Nero, never set out on a journey without taking in her train whole herds of asses, that she might bathe whenever she pleased to do so.

The plaster of paris bust having weakened in the morning in a cracked condition, it was the office of a host of female slaves to mature it into perfect beauty. To clear the field for further operations the first of these gently washed away with lukewarm milk the already crumbling mask, and left a smooth face to be colored by more recondite artists. The slave whose vocation it was to paint the cheeks delicately laid on the red and white, having moistened the pigment with her own saliva. The appearance of finicalness of this operation was diminished by a certain number of scented lozenges, which if the slave neglected to take she suffered corporal punishment.

A precious article was the paint with which the Roman domina was beautified; it was well worthy the case of ivory and rock crystal in which it was preserved. The principal ingredient in the red paint was a moss, known by the name of a fucus, which is still to be found on the Mediterranean coast. The cheeks having been perfected the eyelashes and eyebrows came in for their share of attention, and a third slave dyed them with a black mixture, which, though called fuligo, was no common soot, but composed of choice materials. These blackened eyebrows and eyelashes are absolutely indispensable if the domina aspires in the slightest degree to the character of a beauty.

The curatrices of the eyebrows was followed by the tooth-brusher, who not only performed the office which this title implies, but handed to her mistress some mastic from the Isle of Chios, a specific chewed every morning to preserve the teeth from decay. Even if the teeth were not already in the head of the lady, but had to be inserted by the doctorous slave, the mastic was still chewed to keep up appearance.

All this work done, was not the domina beautiful? Yet the most important operations had still to be performed; the hair had still been unconcerned. And be it observed, that although blackness was essential to the eyebrow of the Roman belle, it was otherwise with her hair, which was to be decidedly golden. A whole division of female slaves was devoted to its decoration. The chief of them rubbed it over and over again with a golden ointment, till the head computed with the brightness of the rising sun.

The polish thus laid on, two handy craftsmen moved to simultaneous activity. One, armed with curling-irons, produced an infinity of rings and ringlets; another squirted through her teeth a variety of essences upon the lovely head. Lastly came a skillful negress, who achieved the more important curls, and, twisting the back hair into a large round knot, secured it with a pin eight inches long, carved with the most exquisite art. To these several servants Herr Asmus, the German antiquarian, who has greatly aided us in bringing so many details within the compass of a small cabinet picture, gives the prettiest names in the world. The asses' milk-maid he calls Scapion, the painter of the cheeks is Phialo, the eyebrows are dyed by Stimmi, the golden ointment is rubbed in by Nipo, Calamis holds the tongs, the lips of Psephas are the living fountains whence proceed the essences, and the handy negress is Cypseas.

Of stays—those modern implements of self-torture—the domina knows nothing, nor would she have put them on if they had been perfectly familiar to her, for she does not believe in the beauty of a slender waist. Over a short "tunic" is flung the "stola," which is itself a long tunic reaching to the feet, with sleeves that cover half the upper part of the arm. When the opening in the stola has been closed with the aid of brooches, when embroidered, gray-colored shoes have been put on, when the arms are encircled by golden snakes with ruby eyes, when the ears are weighed with pearls, when the fingers are loaded with rings, and when a comb or two has been inserted in the hair, the lady is completely attired for in-doors, presenting the strongest possible contrast to the beld of the present day, and suggesting the suspicion that if the beautifiers are doomed to hard work the dressers almost enjoy a sinecure.

It Didn't Count.

In a case before a Tennessee justice one of the lawyers made fun of the other's grammar. The court at once arose and said: "Mr. Perkins, if you are one of them that thinks grammar runs this court you're barking up the wrong tree. If I hear any more such remarks I'll fine you ten dollars."

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 24, 1891.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Archie McNabb was in from Mono Lake on Sunday.

Chas. F. Hecker was over from Mono Lake on Tuesday.

W. A. Irwin, Bodie's old-time Superintendent, was in town this week, and went to San Francisco, via Sweetwater, on Thursday.

Postmaster Hays has been confined to his room all the week by a severe cold.

Judge Virden returned last evening from a flying trip to Bodie.

Sheriff Cady is rushing over the county after jaymen.

Another Growth.—The proposed new Assembly District, comprising the counties of Inyo and Kern, has stirred up the Index and Independent, and they are again wanting this slope of the mountains annexed to the State of Nevada, in order that Inyo may have two Assemblymen and a Senator—to gratify a few ambitious men. The indication of a State tax of over one dollar, and the tone of its press to consolidate the counties and abolish the Supreme Court to reduce expenses; and institute an infamous lottery for revenue, have no terrors for these legislative aspirants. Inyo Republicans did not appear to know what a good Assembly District they were in, or, at least, did not appreciate it, as evidenced when they ignored Mono's nominee, and, at the eleventh hour, nominated from Alpine. On our part there is no particular regret in passing with Inyo on the Assembly business, for, we presume, she will feel more like consulting Mono, if the proposed Senatorial District, linking Inyo and Mono with Democratic Tulare, becomes a law. Alpine and Mono are able to cope with El Dorado, should the three constitute an Assembly District.

The Hunewill Vote.—In scoring the Assemblyman from this District for voting for Morrow, in caucus, for U. S. Senator, the Inyo papers repudiate any "instructions from his constituents" in that county, and the Register says he was "instructed by the Republicans of Mono county." There were "no instructions from the Republicans of Mono county." A handful probably "requested," but, thus far, they have failed to reveal their identity. There is a wide divergence between instruction and requesting. In common with the State, Mono was, and is for Stanford. In justice to Mr. Hunewill it is well to say that we know he was for Senator Stanford. A few of his injudicious friends have placed him in a false position which is regretted by the Republicans of his district.

DECEASED.—Paula Matly, an old resident of Mono Lake, and uncle of Justice Matly, died at that place on Sunday last of pneumonia, aged 59 years. The deceased was a native of Switzerland, and located a ranch at Mono Lake several years ago, and was highly esteemed as a good citizen, an obliging neighbor and true friend. He left three sons, all grown to manhood and living within the State. The funeral took place on Monday.

RICH STRIKE.—There is a rumor about town that A. P. Sayre has made a rich strike in the Thoroughbreds, and John H. Sheehan in the Kentuck, the old Summers mine, which paid well eight years ago. As these claims are on the same ledge, in the Patterson District, and have been well thought of by mining men, there may be good foundation for the report.

Assemblyman Hunewill has introduced a bill in regard to the salaries of our county officers. Our taxpayers may rest assured the salaries will be no higher. Any reduction that may be made will go into effect as soon as the bill is signed by the Governor.

A CONCERT.—A concert will be given at Bryant's Hall on the evening of the 5th of February, under the management of Professor Heath. It promises to be a fine entertainment.

Pay your taxes. No good citizen will allow his name to be advertised as a delinquent taxpayer for the paltry sum of \$2, or thereabouts—and that is about the size of most of the delinquent parcels.

JURORS.—On Monday last, in the Superior Court, Judge Virden had 97 names drawn from the trial jury box from which twelve good and true men are wanted for the Lee murder trial, set for February 5th.

CLOSED.—Owing to an epidemic of colds in this community our public school was closed on Wednesday, and will remain so next week, most of the children being sick. This is something unusual for Bridgeport.

DELINQUENT TAX LIST.—The delinquent taxes this year amount to a small sum, and the published list will be greatly curtailed.

From appearances overhead, some of our weather prophets are predicting more snow, and an extension of the sleighing carnival.

Dentistry.

Alonso Haggens, Dentist, of Carson City, Nev., will be in Bridgeport on Monday, February 18, to perform all kinds of dental operations. Will remain one month. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

DEATH OF GEORGE BANCROFT.

Editorial: the eminent American historian died in Washington, at 3:40 o'clock on Saturday afternoon last, after a short illness from a cold, and was unconscious for twenty-four hours before his death. The deceased was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3d, 1800, and graduated at Harvard in 1817, and next year entered the College of Göttingen, Germany, where he studied history, etc. In 1834 he published the first volume of the "History of the United States," which was his great work. In 1844 he was Secretary of the Navy under Polk; resigned in '46, when he was appointed Minister to England; he was also Minister to Germany in 1867, and again in 1871-72.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, published by the great patent agency firm of Munn & Co., New York, is the most practically useful publication of its kind in the country. Indeed, it occupies a field distinctively its own. Not alone for the machinist, manufacturer, or scientist, but it is a journal for popular personal and study. It is the standard authority on scientific and mechanical subjects. It is placed at a very low rate of subscription, \$3 per annum, which places it within the reach of all. Subscriptions will be received at the office of this paper.

The last monthly report of the State Board of Health states that mortality reports received from 93 localities, with an estimated population of 744,160, give the number of deaths as 1190. This is the largest death rate of any month since January of last year.

The time of our Legislators is taken up and frittered away by the introduction of such tomfoolery measures as amendments to the Constitution to remove the Capital to San Jose. The dampfold family continues to flourish in California.

Chill is having a civil war, and the great powers are sending men-of-war to its ports to look after the interests of their citizens. The new cruiser San Francisco will probably be sent down as soon as she has her trial trip next week.

Boston had a big mass meeting at Faneuil Hall on Tuesday to protest against the free coinage of silver. If they give us free coinage we will reciprocate by sending them Ventura beans.

United States Senators Mitchell, of Oregon, Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Teller, of Colorado, Vest, of Missouri, and Vance, of North Carolina, have been re-elected.

Oakland has decided to have no more wooden sidewalks laid in that city. It would be well for Sacramento to follow suit, as its sidewalks are a disgrace to civilization.

Intensely cold weather prevails throughout Europe, and many people have been frozen to death. One woman was frozen to death in her bed in Paris.

On Sunday last, at Elizabeth, N. J., Captain N. J. McGowan of the U. S. navy, deceased, aged 86 years.

NEW TO-DAY.



BEST

JOB PRINTING

AT

THIS OFFICE,

AT THE

LOWEST RATES.

THE LARGEST HOUSE.

An Immense Building Near Vienna in Which 2,113 People Live.
Every American, European and Oriental country has its scores of public and private mansions, yet Vienna, Austria, has the giant of them all. The Freihaus (free house), situated in Wieden, a suburb of the city just mentioned, is the most spacious building on the globe. Within its walls a whole city of human beings live and work, sleep and eat. It contains in all between 1,300 and 1,500 rooms, divided into upward of 600 dwelling apartments of from four to six rooms each. This immense house has thirteen court-yards—five open and eight covered—and a large garden within its walls. A visitor to the building relates that he once spent two hours in looking for a man known to reside in the house.

Scarcely a trade, handicraft or profession can be named which is not represented in this enormous building. Gold and silver workers, makers of fancy articles, lodging house keepers, bookbinders, agents, turners, batters, officers, locksmiths, joiners, tutors, scientific men, Government clerks, three bakers, eighteen tailors, twenty-nine shoemakers and many other tradesmen live in it.

The house has thirty-one staircases and fronts on three streets and one square. In one day the postman's delivery has amounted to as many as 1,000 pieces to this single but titanic house. To address a letter to the house and to the person it is intended for, does not assure the sender that the person to whom it is addressed will ever receive it.

In order to "make assurance doubly sure," all letters addressed to the "Freihaus" must be provided with both the given and the surname of the person for whom intended, the number of the court, the number of the staircase, and the number of the apartment; otherwise it is as apt to go astray as though addressed to a city unprovided with directions as to street and number.

At the present time 2,113 persons live in this immense building, and pay an annual rental of over 100,000 florins.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND."

Doctors and Druggists—Hail the Resurgence of the Grip with Delight.

I don't suppose there is a man, woman or child of the 1,101,000 who make up Chicago's great population that is mean or heartless enough to wish that a plague may fall on the inhabitants. While this is true, remarks a Chicago Journal correspondent, I have discovered that at least two classes do not feel real bad over the announcement recently made in leading medical journals that the "grip" is almost certain to recur in this country the coming winter. On learning of this probability I mentioned the matter to my physician. "Well," said he, "it might prove a good thing in more ways than one. People will guard against it, and will thus ward off many other evils quite as bad but not general in their attack. Then, too, we physicians are in good shape to cope with it. With our former experiences fresh in mind we may be able to make researches and improve on remedies which will get on record in medical works, and become a blessing to people in after years." My druggist was visited. He said: "Oh, I am not surprised. There is nothing very serious about it any way. And then it helps business wonderfully." This last expression was what I was fishing for. Only a doctor would construe the return of the "grip" as a "blessing," and only a druggist would say it "helps business."

Since the interviews mentioned I have learned of a case on the Westside where a druggist had a small business which paid him about \$8,000 a year, simply a nice living, for several years. During the run of the "grip" in Chicago, about four months, he cleared up enough to build him a \$9,000 home on Monroe street, leaving only a \$8,000 mortgage. It is fair to suppose that with another siege of the pesky plague this "business"-loving druggist will lift the mortgage, and perhaps buy another corner lot, for he said: "You could just put up whatever was ordered, and charge what you wished, and there was no kicking."

JUVENILE BUNCO-MEN.

How They Robbed Several Kind Old Ladies of a Quarter Each.

A ragged little urchin hobbled across City Hall Park yesterday afternoon with one of his feet rudely bandaged with some dirty cloth, says the New York World. He could barely touch his injured foot to the ground, and for a crutch he had a broom-stick. To one end of it he had nailed a piece of wood for an arm piece, and with the aid of this and a companion about his own age he limped to the stone wall fronting the post-office on Mail street and leaned against it as though utterly exhausted by his exertions.

The two little fellows talked together for awhile and then the companion walked up to an elderly woman who was passing and asked her for a few pennies.

"My brother has got a hurted foot," said he, "and we can't work, 'cause I got ter take care of him."

The old lady looked over her glasses and going up to the injured boy asked him how he had been hurt.

"I was selling papers," said he, "when a wagon run over me foot."

"Poor boy," said she, sympathetically, and she handed him a quarter.

The reporter stood for awhile watching the boys and he noticed that the little fellow only asked women. The two had collected quite a nice little pile, when the invalid got tired of holding his injured foot from the ground and decided to go.

His companion took his arm and together the two started down Park Row. The little fellow's foot began to grow rapidly well, for at every step he walked much easier. They finally went in one of the little doorways of the post-office, where the injured boy sat down, and in a twinkling the rags were off, exposing to view a perfectly well foot, though very dirty and grimy. After the rags had been tucked away the boys crossed the street to a basement "beanery."

Neither of the juvenile bunco men was over twelve years of age.

NEST OF KLEPTOMANIACS.

A Chicago Detective Details a Very Interesting Reminiscence.

"Kleptomania," said a detective at the Central station to a Chicago Mail reporter the other day, "is an affliction that is as widespread as it is peculiar. I never could understand why women who have comfortable homes and are not in actual want—whose husbands would give them money to buy things with if they asked for it—should, for the mere love of stealing, purloin articles oftentimes such as they could never use. But I'll tell you," the officer continued, "there is not as much kleptomania as there is alleged to be. The fact is the disease is, nine times out of ten, plain insanity. It becomes kleptomania only when the thieves are detected and turn out to be ostensibly respectable people. I was called into a case once which led to a train of the most peculiar circumstances I ever uncovered."

"A certain retail store on State street had been missing articles for a long time. Ladies' gloves, hosiery, velvet ribbon and other objects of feminine use had been disappearing by wholesale. The proprietors suspected a woman who was a good customer of theirs, and, so far as her appearance was concerned, she should have been above suspicion. She was of middle age, dressed richly and lived in a fashionable boarding-house. Before proceeding against her it was necessary to have proof, and I engaged board at the house where she stopped. Besides the suspect, the boarders included a Board of Trade man of sixty, a thin, old lady of the same age, who had a son of twenty, and a spinster daughter who taught a kindergarten school; a commercial man and his wife, and a clerk in a wholesale coal office who was a natty dresser."

"It took me only a few days to get the bearings of the house. The suspect had a room on the third floor. She was down-town all day, though she had nothing to keep her unless it was her occupation of shop-lifting. She had means of her own evidently from her room and dress. In less than a week I discovered that she was selling articles to the other ladies in the house. She would drop into the room of the commercial man's wife and display a bolt of velvet ribbon or several pairs of gloves. She said she had got them very cheap, and that though she could not wear them she had bought them because they were such a great bargain. Then she would inquire if the commercial man's wife did not want to buy the articles. I got enough evidence to convict her and took her to the store-keeper's. Of course she played the kleptomania dodge, and they let her off."

"Now I got to the best part of my story. I discovered that in that boarding-house there were two other kleptomaniacs. One was the old lady whose daughter taught a kindergarten, the other was the young man in the coal office."

"The old lady's daughter treated her very badly, because she was not a cultivated person, while her daughter made great pretensions to culture. In fact, she often struck her. Though the daughter received a good salary and one son living in the house got \$18 or \$20 per week, and two other grown sons were prosperous, one receiving \$5,000 and the other \$8,000 per year, the old lady was never given any ready money. Why? Because she clung with a mother's fervor to a drunken, worthless older son, who sneaked to the house when his sister was away and 'bled' her for all her spare change."

"She had to steal to keep that black sheep in a maudlin state. The other ladies missed little articles from time to time, but the boarding-house was a swell one, you know, and they could not voice their suspicion. The Board of Trade man missed half a dozen collars one day, and shortly afterward he saw the son of the old lady wearing one. The boy had given his mother money to buy collars, which had gone into the stomach of his brother in the shape of whisky. The larcenies were brought home to the old lady by the discovery of a lot of towels, the property of the boarding-house keeper, which were found wrapped up in one of her petticoats. The daughter tearfully said that she was a kleptomaniac and sought another boarding-house. Underwear missed by male boarders was found in the trunk of the young man who worked in a coal office, and with both these discoveries came the explanation of the absence of many things. The clerk for the coal office declared that he couldn't help it, that he was a kleptomaniac, and he, too, disappeared. It was the most interesting nest of kleptomaniacs that I ever struck, and I was the only person who lost nothing in my week's stay there, because I took nothing with me. The house is now filled with a set of entirely new boarders."

His Peas and Chickens.

A citizen of Lee County, Ga., tells the following story: "Last spring I planted a lot of English peas. One day the chickens got in the garden, scratched them up and ate them. I didn't have time just then to send to town after more pea seed to plant, so I decided to out the chickens' claws open, take the seed out and plant them. I did that; then I sowed up the craws with a common needle and thread. I never saw a finer crop of English peas than I raised last spring, and I think those chickens were the best I ever tasted, for, be it known, the chickens lived and grew to be of good size."

The Long-Headed Banker.

"I've got it fixed," remarked the bank president to his wife. "We'll have our daughter Julia marry the cashier, and you may instruct Clara to encourage the book-keeper's attentions. There may be in time there will be granddaughters enough to monopolize the attentions of the various clerks, and we won't take any risks in the funds going out of the family. I tell you it takes a long-headed man to run a bank."

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IMPLEMENTS.

THE CIRCUIT-RIDER.

Reminiscences of a Methodist Preaching Elder.

An Interesting Type of Character That Has All But Passed Away—Jays and Trials of the Minister of Religion Forty Years Ago.

"The Methodist preacher of to-day, standing in his costly broadcloth in a fine church, preaching to a large and well-dressed congregation, is a far different personage from the Methodist circuit-rider of forty years ago," said Rev. C. G. Truett, presiding elder of the Chicago district, as he leaned back in his comfortable arm-chair and fell into a reminiscent strain of thought, to a Chicago Evening News reporter.

"When I look back to the old days," continued the divine, "and recall the incidents that befell me when, as a young man, I was a circuit-rider, it seems as if they were terribly hard times. Yet when I was a circuit-rider I did not mind it, and I suppose I endured as many hardships as the average circuit-rider. Looking back to those days they seem strange enough, and a listener hearing of the trials of a circuit-rider would naturally say that his was a hard lot. Well, perhaps it was; but after all they were fulfilling their duty and their aim was a higher one than many who have easier times."

"A circuit-rider was distinguished from a stationed preacher by having two or more appointments to fill, whereas the regular preacher was stationed at some place where there is a congregation sufficiently large to require all his time and energies in looking after it. But a circuit-rider was a Methodist preacher who, taking the word of God under his arm, would mount his trusty steed and ride from place to place, preaching to the farmers who gathered to hear him. He often preached every day in the week, and perhaps three times on Sunday. It was no uncommon thing for Methodist circuit-riders to have a 200-mile circuit, with perhaps a dozen appointments. So you see they never had a moment's leisure, but made their homes where chance or their horse brought them."

"My first circuit was in Iowa, and I was obliged to travel through Tama, Marshall and Story counties. I had from six to ten appointments, and you may rest assured I was kept busy. Every Sunday in the year I preached three times—morning, afternoon and evening—and oftentimes during the week. I would get up early Sunday morning and, after eating my breakfast and seeing that my horse was properly cared for, start off for my first appointment, ten or fifteen miles away. I carried my Bible with me, and went merrily along over the country roads, singing to myself and exchanging salutations with the few people I met on the road. When I arrived at my first appointment, which was about ten o'clock, I would generally hold services, and then take my dinner at some farmer's house. And oh, how the people would turn out on those occasions! I tell you, they didn't have a chance to go to church every day in the week, nor every Sunday, and when a preacher did come along, no matter how bad the weather was, they turned out to a man, and gave him a rousing welcome that half did away with the discomforts of one's long journey."

"After a good substantial dinner at some farmer's I would set out again and ride to my next place. I would preach there in the afternoon, and then ride to the next place and preach there that night. Then I'd stay all night at some farmer's, and the next morning complete my circuit. The people always used me well—I believe they always did use circuit-riders well, and wherever I stopped I was always sure of getting the best house could afford. It was those little things that made me forget the hard and disagreeable part of my work. For it was hard and disagreeable, there is no use in denying that. I would like to see some of the ministers of to-day riding over all kinds of roads, in all kinds of weather, traveling through rain, snow and sleet, perhaps with garments soaked or frozen; swimming creeks and putting up with hard fare; preaching in a miserable little school-house, or in the open air, or in some farmer's dwelling."

"A circuit-rider didn't draw a princely salary, either. The first year I was a circuit-rider I didn't get a cent of pay—saw only twenty-five cents during the entire time. But then I didn't mind that. There were hundreds more circuit-riders not a bit better off than myself, very few got \$100 a year. Ready money was scarce article in those days, but the lack of it never stopped a circuit-rider from fulfilling his duties. Oh, I could go ahead and talk all night about my experience as a circuit-rider, but there is no use in it. Why, I remember one day during a rainy spell I tried to urge my horse to swim across a creek that was swollen by recent rains, but the horse couldn't make it, and I narrowly escaped with my life. But the farmer's boys where I was going dragged me out, loaned me dry clothes, and I went on my way rejoicing. That was but one of many incidents that served to make up my life as a circuit-rider."

A Startling Admission.

"What becomes of all the stale candy?" was asked a well-known confectioner. "It is made up into fresh candy." There is not an ounce of waste about confectionery. You like chocolate caramels? Well, they contain more scraps than any other candy. They are especially adapted for this, on account of their dark color. They were first made by a confectioner who received the inspiration from his stock of old sweets.

Vagaries of a Flower.

A wonderful flower has been discovered in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Its chief peculiarity is the habit of changing its colors during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at its zenith it is red, and at night it is blue. The red, white and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of a guava tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume.

BEASTS TURNED LOOSE.

An Exciting Incident in the Career of a Show-Man in Africa.

The African Diamond Fields Advertiser contains an account of the scene witnessed after all the animals in Phillis menagerie had been allowed to escape by some person who is supposed to have had a grudge against the proprietor, and which incident may contain the germ from which grew the lurid story recently published of an entire town being besieged by ferocious animals. The person responsible for the liberation of the Phillis animals was evidently well acquainted with the construction of the cages and chose the day and hour when the supervision was most relaxed, and made good his escape. The four lions, on bounding from their cages, attacked the jumping horse, and the animal's screams awoke the four attendants.

Hastily arming themselves with stable forks they rushed to the scene of the disturbance, evidently ignorant of the numerical strength of the foe they had to contend with. These four gallant fellows met a fearful death. From the last few dying words of one of the Caffre boys to Mr. Phillis when he arrived upon the scene, it appears that he and his mates, when endeavoring to beat back the lion Pacha, were attacked in the rear by three other lions and one of the cheetahs; they were then literally torn limb from limb by the ferocious brutes, and the scene of their death is one of indescribable horror. Having tasted blood the lions (male and female), the cheetahs, the wolves and the leopards seemed to regain all the ferocity of their class, and Mr. Phillis' four Hungarian horses and the performing horses fell victims.

The elephant, frightened at the noise, in its endeavor to escape burst through the heavy iron gate and rushed into the street, followed by nearly the whole of the animals, who appear to have been startled by something while engaged in their work of carnage in the stables. A cabman residing at Beaconsfield—Nelson—had a narrow escape. Hearing the noise he drove down from Main street to see the animals rush out. He likened the scene to the exit from Noah's ark. An elephant came first, and a few seconds afterward tumbled out a confused mob of lions, wolves, hyenas, baboons, leopards, cheetahs and jackals. The wolves, with the instinct of their race, immediately rushed upon Nelson's horses and two of the lions attacked them too. Strange to say, they left the man unmolested, and he managed to climb up a post at Glover's athletic car and secure his safety in one of the rooms. When last he saw his horses they were galloping madly down the road screaming and screaming with fear and pain, followed by the wolves and two of the lions. The remainder of the animals, Nelson says, dispersed in all directions. But few of the animals had been recaptured at the time the mail was dispatched, but one of the lions and a jackal had been shot.

A LUCKY BALD-HEAD.

How He Secured a Fine Head of Hair—Some Chestnut Hair.

In the appearance of a real bald head there is nothing romantic, and yet love finds a chance at times to surround it with a halo of sentiment. A wicked barber, a fashionable but nevertheless woefully talkative barber, discloses one of the sweetest secrets it has ever been my lot to hear, says a writer in the Boston Herald. The secret was originally possessed by the barber and two young, trusting hearts, but now it is known by a score or more of persons, all customers of the barber, and at last it came from one of them to me. A young man of many good points, but with none on his head, was for five years a victim to the promises of the tonsorial artist, who guaranteed to bring hair out on his shiny pate, but who did not keep his word. Some men confide their love affairs to their tailors, others to their doctors, and still others to the men who mix their cocktails. This young man, upon losing his hair to a sweet and promising maiden, confided his passion to his barber. That worthy sympathized with him deeply and redoubled his exertions to lure the downy fringe upon the head of Romeo, but without effect. Finally the barber and the lover lost hope together, and then it was that the young man made a trembling proposition.

"Louise does not like a bald head," said he, "although, of course, mine is not unpleasant to her. Nevertheless, she prefers to have it covered, and so we have reached a conclusion. I always said, you know, that I would never wear a toupee, but Louise has placed the matter in such a light that I have acceded to her desires and will have one made. Louise's hair is just the color of the fringe over my ears, you see, and it hangs away down below her waist. She is going to sacrifice enough of it to make me a toupee, and then, by Jove, I shall be wearing the same hair that my girl does. Louise was awfully tender about suggesting the thing. Sweet of her, wasn't it? Oh! I tell you, there is nothing so beautiful in life as a good girl when she is in love."

Romeo now appears in public adorned by a fine head of handsome chestnut hair.

How to Doctor Trees.

Do not hunt for borers at all, but just doctor them a little. Make a mixture of about one quart of wood ashes to a pail of water and stir it well. Next make a ridge of earth around the tree a few inches from it, and high enough so when you pour your mixture into the circle it will run into the holes and kill the worms. It is sure death to them and costs less than one cent a tree. You may have to do it twice the first year, but after that a very little care will keep your trees free from them. If you have no wood ashes, use a thin white wash of lime in its place. If you have a large number of trees you can use strips of zinc or sheet iron about four or five inches wide and long enough to put about the tree in place of the circle of earth.

Kitten and Lizard.

A kitten in Hood River, Ore., caught a lizard, but will never catch another. The reptile in attempting to escape ran down its enemy's throat, where it lodged, with fatal result to the cat.

A MEMORABLE EXPLOIT.

New Mystery Mollie Matches Bobbed a Man of Forty-Six Thousand Dollars.

A band of pickpockets were one day "working" a train running to New York on the Hudson River railroad. There were four of them, says the Kansas City Star. The exigencies of pocket-picking require at least that number—one pickpocket proper, who does the actual taking, and three "stalls," or assistants. The chief of the band was John Larney, alias Mollie Matches, than whom no surer or more expert thief ever "dipped a hook." They were not on this train at random. A man was going to New York who had forty-six crisp and brittle 1,000-dollar bills in a pocketbook inside his vest. This man was occupying a seat near the center of the car. Two of the band were ahead of him on the other side of the aisle and the other two were disposed of on the next seat behind him.

Suddenly the man arose and stepped into the aisle. Anxiously peered his mouth and he wanted a drink. As he arose the four thieves, as if by accident, all left their seats. This brought the victim between the two pairs. They all came towards him, the ones in the rear apparently seeking the opposite end of the car to that sought by the ones in front. For a second the five blockaded the aisle, the victim in the center. Everybody was the spirit of politeness; apologies were muttered as the four well-dressed, quiet-looking rascals apparently attempted to get out of everybody's way. The victim was not hustled or jostled by these masters of their art, but with every touch he was placed and held in position while the deft Matches, that prince of light-fingers, performed the feat of "weeding" his long pocketbook wherein the forty-six 1,000-dollar bills were disposed lengthwise.

"Weeding" is the name of a process in thievery which takes the bills on occasions when the ends thereof project beyond the pocket-book, and leaves the empty wallet still in its owner's possession. The value of the processes lies in this, that it is generally a long time before the victim discovers his loss—not until he opens his pocket-book—whereas if the pocket-book itself should disappear he might note the fact at once. The victim in this instance did not discover his loss at the time, as nothing occurred during the despoliation which gave him notice; but, having some reason for taking out his wallet about ten minutes later, he found himself plundered. He made a great uproar. The conductor and train-men were called, but, as he did not possess a clew or even a suspicion as to who robbed him they could do nothing.

One thing was sure the money was still on the train, as there had been no stop. The conductor assumed the pressure. He halted his train out in the rural regions, and, tapping the wires, telegraphed to the New York police. Meanwhile the train was guarded and no one allowed to alight. Then the train was started for the run in. The four thieves were aware of all that was going on. They knew of the difficulties which beset them and that the entire detective force of New York was now on the lookout. They secretly divided the money and it was agreed that the word should be "every man for himself." Larney was in a predicament. His face was as well known to the Metropolitan Vidoque as the Bowery. He knew if he was recognized he was lost. In his dilemma he went through to the Pullman car. There he found an old clergyman traveling with his daughter and her little girl, a child of four years. An idea came to the pickpocket. He was quietly and faultlessly attired. He had a considerable store of religious knowledge. He could play the role and resolved for the nonce to be a preacher. He introduced himself to the old minister and his daughter. He described himself as from Hamilton, Ont., and the pastor of a Baptist church. The clergyman which had seen his sacred ministrations had been burned to its foundations, and he was on his way to New York to see what help might be offered, as his congregation was very poor. The old man and his daughter were very glad to see the pickpocket. They gave him all manner of counsel and sympathy and invited him to their house. When any one passed through the car, which happened once or twice, Larney turned his back and avoided notice. At last the train came to a stop at the Central depot and they must leave it. Here was the ordeal Larney feared. He knew that twenty officers would scan every one who stepped off the train. He was alive to the fact that any one of them would know the celebrated Mollie Matches the instant he set his eyes squarely on him. This must be avoided. As they arose to leave the car Larney caught up the little girl in his arms and so carried her that his face was buried in the blonde jungle of her hair. In this golden disguise, roguery screened by innocence, Larney passed through a mob of officers and escaped recognition. No one looked for the alert eye and daring features of the pickpocket behind the yellow tangle of a baby's hair. Once outside Larney hastily shoved a solitary diamond ring on the little girl's thumb as a reward for the service she had unwittingly done him and whipping into a carriage was whisked away to safety, leaving the old preacher and his daughter agast.

"It was buried good and deep in half an hour," said Larney, "where detectives never come. I'd given the baby one of the \$1,000 bills, but I was afraid it might help to turn me up."

A Use for Cotton Stalks.

About a year ago a young lawyer in Augusta, Ga., began experiments with cotton stalks. The pulp and skin were removed from the stalks. The fiber was then placed in a carding machine from which was secured an article of the tenacity and color of jute but yank. This product he shipped to himself at Esperson, N. Y., where it was woven into a bagging that is said to be less inflammable than jute, and while equally durable is of less cost. Cotton planters see an article in view that will help them to boycott jute bagging, and also a profitable market for cotton stalks, which they have always had trouble to dispose of.

DIFFERENT DOCTORS.

Physicians of the Radical and Mystical Schools.

Their Methods in the Treatment of Their Cases, and Personal Bearing Toward Their Patients—Physicians' Faith in Themselves.

Not the Regulars and the Homeopaths. Discussion as to their respective merits is quite as much out of place nowadays as a heated argument on the claims of Calvinism and Arminianism. People hold their medical faith at the present day, through no exercise of the reasoning faculty, but by sheer pig-headedness, as the old theologians were wont to hold their dogmas; and they entertain toward patrons of the opposing school, whatever it be, a contempt compared with which the "odium theologorum" is as brotherly love. The two schools to which reference is now to be made are not recognized in the cyclopedias nor among the professions; but they exist all the same, and the line which separates them is drawn clearly and sharply across all the old medical sects and "pathies."

There are all sorts of good names for these two classes of the medical faculty, writes Arthur E. Hestwick in the New York Saturday Review. We may call them the Recondite and the Familiar; the Mystic and the Frank; the Grandiose and the Simple; or the reader may choose a new designation to suit himself. The physician of the former school or class bears the same relation to his patients that an oracle of old did to his suppliants. His utterances are positive—often monosyllabic. His manner leads you to conclude at once that he knows absolutely what ails you at a glance, or at least by the aid of a few skillfully directed questions. His bearing is commonly high and mighty; if he descends to familiarity it is only too evident to those about him that he is conscious of the vastness of such a descent. Some of the most skillful and able physicians in the various branches of the profession are numbered in this class, and it is not to be denied that the effect of their bearing upon a certain kind of patient is beneficial. Some people like to have authority exercised over them; they like to feel that they are in the hands of one greater than they, who holds over them the wand of life or death, and by a twist of it can kill or cure. They do not want to know what they are taking. If they are told about their ailments they wish it to be done in the most learned language possible; the more Latin the better. Patients of this class are largely of the gentler sex, but plenty of the so-called sterner sex are to be found in its ranks.

The other school of medicine acknowledges, to start with, that a physician is rarely certain in his diagnosis; that he must usually experiment a little at first. He tells his patient at the outset all he knows of the case, outlines the prospective treatment, with all its possibilities of change, and, in short, takes the patient into his confidence. His manner is free from grandeur, authority, mystery, and his language is colloquial and simple.

It is a disgrace to the human race, but we shall be forced to admit it—either probably the majority of patients of this kind of treatment, carried to its logical end, will not do at all, or only a man of the greatest genius, combined with high education and liberal culture, can produce the extreme variety of this treatment; and even such a one, under the pressure of physical pain, may resort to the condition of the majority in practice most physicians of this school, much as many of them would like to be consistent and logical, and agreed to adopt a half-way course, leaning more or less toward the mystic and grandiloquence of the opposite party. A skillful practitioner will often, in his manner and methods according to his patient, thus achieving the best results.

Therefore, in practice, there is a pretty even gradation from the extreme mystic to the extreme radical physician, even some of the former admitting the theoretical correctness of the radical views, but maintaining that they are not practical. It must be admitted, however, that most of the mystics appear, outwardly at least, to have complete confidence in themselves, and believe fully in the prophetic powers they seem to claim. Whatever they may confess to themselves in the secret recesses of their professional doubts, the public never hears them acknowledge even the possibility of their making a mistake. If the disease does not yield to their blandishments—whether allopathic, homeopathic, eclectic or herbalistic—so much the worse for the disease. Let it be anathema for existing when it ought not to exist. If the treatment be altered, there is no acknowledgment that a new theory of the ailment is to be tested; the patient is led to infer that the change of medicine is part of a plan formed within the deep recesses of the mystic's brain at the outset.

Mozart's Memory.

It is told of Mozart that when he was fourteen years old he heard in Rome the "Miserere of Allegri," and knowing that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this famous piece he paid such attention to the music that when he reached home he noted down the entire score. He was enabled a few days afterward to check the copy; when he found that he had not made a single mistake. The next day he produced such a sensation in Rome by singing the "Miserere" at a concert that Pope Clement XIV. requested that he should be presented to him. Thus, by his wonderful memory, he was enabled to begin with success his musical career.

One Hundred Years Late.

A newspaper at Newcastle, Eng., commemorated its centenary by republishing its first issue. During the day a country couple called at the office to answer an advertisement for help on a farm. They were informed that they were one hundred years late.

A SPY'S TALL TALE.

Sending Important Messages by Fishes Across the River.

"Yes, I was a spy during the war, and, if I do say it, I reckon I was the most successful one that went uncaptured," said a small, inoffensive, common-place-looking man in the Sherman House in a Chicago Evening Post reporter. "I was in the rebel service and so was my brother. When Porter was shelling New Orleans I was with his fleet as a spy. And thanks to a game my brother and I used to play before the war I was able to send accounts from the fleet to my brother in New Orleans of every thing that was going on. Porter knew from the way in which he was frequently foreshadowed that there was a spy in the fleet, and he tried hard to catch him, but he never succeeded. And I kept right along until New Orleans surrendered, and my brother was taken prisoner. How did I send my accounts across? By fishes. You see, when Bob and I were boys—we were both under twenty when the war broke out—we used to train fishes to carry messages across the river. We took brook trout—they are the most intelligent—when they were young, tamed them, and by smearing a fly or a piece of meat with asafetida we could catch them whenever we wanted to. Other kinds of flies smeared with a certain kind of oil we gave them, but that made them sick and after awhile they wouldn't touch any thing but flies with asafetida on them. We taught them to swim straight ahead in any direction we turned them they would find a fine fly at the other side of the tub; then we tried them in a pond and then in the river. They swam with the accuracy of a bullet, never deviating a hair's breadth, and in a thin little tube, fastened to the under part of the fish with two copper wire rings, we were able to send messages to one another. You see one of us would fix a fish, set him in the river carefully pointed to the spot across the river where the other was, and let him go. Off he would swim like a flash. I would signal to my brother and he would drop a line with flavored fly or meat on the end into the water, and in a few moments he would feel a bite and up he would pull our dny messenger. My brother would cut the string in the fish's mouth, read the message, answer it, and put the fish back in the water and steer him for me. By that way we had lots of fun. You catch the idea? Well, when I was with Porter that's the way I did. I saw no fishing, as did his officers. But they saw nothing suspicious in that. Would you?"

A BICYCLIST'S TALE.

Why His Girl Felt That When He Was Thrown from His Machine.

"Some years ago I was very much impressed with a pretty girl," said a Chicago wheelman to a News reporter. "That is expressing it mildly, for, as a matter of fact, I was in love with her. I made an arrangement to take her to a ball one evening," said the bicyclist. "It was a swell affair, no ordinary occasion, and I looked forward to it with more than usual interest, and so did she. 'I was a member of a bicycle club then, and as such had entered in a race for a prize. The race took place on a day preceding the ball. Of course, I took my girl to view the event. I secured for her a good seat in the grand stand, where, as I proudly declared in my innermost thoughts, she would see me win a glorious victory. I was determined that my wheel should carry me right into her affections. The race was to be run on a course that was not the smoothest in the world. There were dangerous places in it, spots where a rider would be very likely to take a header if not careful."

"Three of us came to the scratch for the start, and we got away in great shape. For the first quarter or so I was second, following close behind the leader. The third man was uncomfortably close to me. On we went, each man straining every nerve, when in some way my competitor behind me ran into me. He struck the little wheel of my bicycle, and the result was that we both went down in a heap. There was a terrible mixture of wheels and men for a while."

"Of course the accident caused a good deal of excitement among the spectators. A murmur of horror went up, but above it all could be heard the screams of my girl. As I was trying to extricate myself from the ruins she arose in her seat and cried out: 'Oh, he's killed! he's killed! Who will take me to the ball now, who will take me to the ball?'"

ABOVE BLANKETS.

Brother Billings' Soul Was Not So Buried by Bed-Covers.

"I should be sorry to thwart your zeal, Brother Billings," said Deacon Campton, "but I am constrained to tell you that members of the congregation in meeting are somewhat too vociferous and frequent. We expect some brothers from the city to lead us to-morrow evening, and we will take it kindly if you—if you can put a little restraint upon your fervor."

"And so you ask a poor brother to cork up all the grace that's in him," replied Brother Billings, much aggrieved. "What sort of religion do you call that?"

"Pray don't think of it in that way, brother," said the deacon, soothingly. "We merely desire to give the brothers from the city every opportunity to express themselves without interruption. And, by the way, Brother Billings, I have been thinking that a pair of new blankets from our store would be acceptable to you this cold season. Come in for them the day after to-morrow."

At the meeting the following evening, says the Epoch, the corked-in feelings of Brother Billings had many times impelled him to bob up suddenly, but each time he had caught Deacon Campton's warning eye and bobbed down again. But as the city brothers waxed eloquent, his motions became more and more spasmodic, when his mouth opened it shut again with less freedom of purpose, and finally he jumped upon his feet, clasped his hands above his head, and, in a voice that penetrated every ear, exclaimed: "Blankets or no blankets, praise the Lord!"

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Professional Protectors of Ribulous Gentlemen.

A Useful Institution Not Altogether Confined to the Gay French Capital—An Expensive Livery.

A correspondent in Paris recently discovered in the cafes a class of attendants which he described as a bizarre novelty in Parisian business methods. He said that these attendants were known professionally as "Guardian Angels." They have become, he wrote, quite numerous in the more thickly populated quarter of the French capital. The attendants get their title because they are called upon to keep watch and ward over and insure safe conduct home to working people who frequent the smaller cafes, and without the protection of the angel might fall a prey to the petty criminals who lurk in the streets at night to rob insouciant working-men and other more or less helpless wayfarers.

New York, says the Sun of that city, has for a long time had its counterpart of the Parisian guardian angel. He is a curious, entertaining and benevolent servant of the public that was brought into existence by the amazing growth of hotel life in this town during the last few years, and by the increase in the number of the fashionable restaurants. Here, however, it is only these fashionable hotels and cafes which can support the luxury of angels. They are too expensive a feature apparently to justify the proprietors of the saloons in the tenement districts in employing them. The guardian angel of Gotham is an affable and well-informed special police officer detailed by the police commissioners, and reporting regularly to Acting Superintendent of Police Byrne. He works harmoniously with the other serviceable attendant of the swell cafe who is called the bouncer. The bouncer is a professional boxer whose duty it is to maintain order and to get obstreperous visitors out of the establishment without any fuss or feathers and without attracting too general attention. The angel, on the other hand, makes his business to see that no harm befalls the cafe or hotel patron who has become a little too convivial for his own good, and needs the assistance of just such a guide, philosopher, and friend as the angel is to keep him from parting with his valuables.

"The idea of having a guardian angel," said the angel of the Hoffman House, "may strike men about town as something of a practical joke, and they may believe that the angel is a myth. But they are mistaken, for ain't I here to prove that guardian angels are regular institutions? Many men in this town are thankful for the help of the professional angel. We see that they are sent safely home if they get too much aboard, or we get them accommodated at the hotel if they aren't able to get home. We take them to a Turkish bath and straighten them out before putting them to bed, and in numerous other ways perform a service that a square man isn't very apt to forget, which I happen to know not one in a hundred fails to remember in a substantial fashion on other days besides Christmas."

A striking illustration of the opportune services of the guardian angel was furnished recently at the Hoffman House, just before a public reception. A handsome man, dressed in black, came from the private dining-rooms and staggered along the tiled corridor. His face was flushed with wine.

"Heaven!" cried the angel, with a start as he caught sight of the guest, "we must get that man to a room quick."

The man was hustled into the elevator and taken to a room in a hurry. "What's the excitement about?" asked a bystander, when the angel returned. "A good deal more than you think," returned the little guardian. "That man would be disgraced in his profession were he to be seen in that condition at the reception upstairs. He is one of the best known professional men in this city. The nature of his calling makes it imperative that he should never be seen in public under the influence of wine. It was a narrow escape, though. But he's all right now. Nobody will know any thing of it. He will be straight as a string again when he leaves for home, depend upon it."

The existence of the professional guardian angel is a boon to many men of means who have a habit of getting occasionally too convivial to take care of themselves. They depend upon the friendly surveillance of the angel, and give themselves up freely for the time being to the delights of the flowing bowl.

"Not once in a thousand times," said a professional angel, "does a friend who does this service for a fellow citizen fail to get the cash hire as soon as he reaches his charge's home. A man mean enough to back out of paying a fare back under such circumstances is too mean to spend enough to get so full. Sometimes we don't collect at the man's house at all. We just escort him in and say in an explanatory way, 'Mr. Philycarp ate something at dinner that disagreed with him and couldn't get home before, m'am, but he's all right now; or he will be all right in the morning.' The next time we meet the good fellow a word is enough to bring the incident back to his memory, and he pays the cash hire promptly. Often a man will be exuberantly generous. He'll want to crack a bottle of wine with us, and he hands a five or ten dollar note over, with the remark: 'Go bot that on the horse you think will win, with my compliments and best wishes.' Man like that don't forget such a favor. They talk about it to their friends, and if their friends chance to feel like having a little personal jubilee on their own book they come and get the professional angel to lend his good services as protector and friend during the hilarious experiences of the jubilee. Yes, three, the angel is an institution that it would be impossible to dispense with in these civilized days, whether we are in the Paris of France or right here in the Paris of America."